

The Comics

JULY
No. 4

10¢

A cartoon illustration of a man in a small red boat on a green sea. A giant red fish with a human-like face is swallowing the boat. The man is inside the boat, looking up in shock with his hands on his head. A speech bubble from the man says, "THAT'S FUNNY / I THOUGHT I HEARD A FISH SPLASH!". The fish has a large open mouth, and the boat is being pulled into it. There are some splashes of water around the boat.

THAT'S
FUNNY /
I THOUGHT
I HEARD
A FISH
SPLASH!

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OLD MAN'S DREAM NOSE



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WASH TUBBS

BY CRANE



OF ALL THE GIRLS IN THE U.S.A. WHO HAVE DATES TONIGHT, PROBABLY NONE ARE SO EXCITED AS TWO-FISTED LULU BELLE, THE FEMALE SHERIFF.



HE'LL BE HERE ANY MINUTE, SONNY. QUICK, HOW DO I LOOK?

SWELL.



HE'S PRESSIN' HIS PANTS. HEY, WHERE YOU GOIN'?

I'M GOIN' TO HIS ROOM, THAT'S WHERE—

HUNDREDS LINE THE SIDEWALK IN FRONT OF THE WESTERN PLACE HOTEL.



WO'DS GONN ON CHARLIE?

THEY SAY LULU BELLE, THE LADY SHERIFF, HAS A DATE.



THAT'S HERE!

WHERE'S YER CHAIR, SHERIFF?

WHO'S THE FIDIO YOU'RE HOLDING?

GIT FER HOME, YE DOG-FACED DOGGS, OR I'LL BRING THE CURFEW ON YET!

DOWN SKUNK STREET THEY GO, THIS HANDSOME COUPLE, AND INTO THE CRYSTAL PARADISE.



OH, MR. WALLIS, JUST IT SWELL!

WITH SUCH A CHARMING GIRL AS YOU BESIDE ME, MISS LULU BELLE, IT IS—AH—HEAVENLY.



STRIKE THREE—WEE OUT!

MR. TWO-FISTED, BARREL-CHESTED LULU BELLE IS HARD AS NAILS. HER BATTLES ARE NUMBERED BY THOUSANDS. FOR YEARS, SHE WAS THE UNDEFEATED FEMALE BOXING CHAMP OF THE WORLD.



HER CIRCUS FEATS HAVE STARTLED MILLIONS.

I FLEY ME MUSCLES, ROUS AND—

LULU BELLE THE ALPHAN ELEPHANT



W. BOTTLE-NOSED OLD PELICANIST WHO SAYS I'M A SIBBY?

SO LET'S GIVE G. HOLLIS WALLIS CREDIT. FOLKS, HE SENT LULU BELLE FLOWERS WHISPERED SWEET NOTHINGS AND FOUND BENEATH HER TOUGH OLD HIDE A FEMININE HEART OF MISTERY BUTTER.

OH, MR. WALLIS, YE OIT ME ALL A FLUTTER.

AH, LITTLE GIRL—JUST CALL ME HOLLY.



AH, WHAT A DELIGHTFUL EVENING. I'VE NEVER KNOWN ANOTHER GIRL ANY DELICATE.



SHE'S THE OUT-FEMININEST, OUT-CUDDLEST, OUT-BLIZZARDY WHO EVER SMILED AND HANDED THE MAN WHO'S TREMBLED AT HER VOICE.



EVERY DAY SHE RECEIVES A BOUQUET OF FLOWERS AND AT LEAST SIX PHONE CALLS.



BOY, WHAT A RUSH! WASH AND EASY ARE GETTING WORRIED.



C. HOLLIS WALLIS NEVER IS HAPPIER THAN WHEN WATCHING LULU BELLE'S EXHIBITIONS OF STRENGTH.



WASHING MACHINES—WHY YOU WOULDN'T NEED ANY OF THOSE FANCY GADGETS TO DO YOUR WORK, WOULD YOU?



YOU'RE A GIRL WHO CAN DO THINGS YOU NEVER HAVE TO PAY MONEY FOR. MAIDS, CARPENTERS, PLUMBERS, AND FURNITURE MOVERS.



AH, DARLING, YOU'RE THE MOST WONDERFUL GIRL I EVER MET. NONE OF YOUR ANGLING FLAT-CHESTED PERKUPANTES FOR ME. NO SIRREET I LIKE 'EM HEALTHY!



I WONDER WOTS HAPPENED!



FOR A WEEK, C. HOLLIS WALLIS GIVES LULU BELLE A TREMENDOUS RUSH. THEN, ONE NIGHT, HE FAILS TO APPEAR FOR A DATE.

WHERE'S NO EXPLANATION, NO BOUQUET OF FLOWERS THE NEXT DAY, NOT EVEN A PHONE CALL.



OH, DEAR! MAYBE I SAID BUMPIN'. MAYBE THERE'S ANOTHER GIRL—A BLONDE—OR A REDHEAD—OH SORRY, IT'S ANGLE.



SAP? WHY, YE SPREADLE-LEGGED HOP TOAD, HON? DARE YE CALL MR. WALLIS A SAP?



TWO DAYS PASS WITHOUT ANY WORD FROM C. HOLLIS WALLIS, AND LULU BELLE CAN STAND IT NO LONGER.



Follow this next month

COWBOY COMICS

OUT OUR WAY

BY
J. R. WILLIAMS



TOM MIX

OUTLAW KIDNAPING

SORFUL WILCOX, THE VETERAN LONGHORN, UNTIES TOM MIX WHO IS HELD PRISONER IN THE RUSTLER'S CABIN, BUT THE OUTLAWS OPEN FIRE BEFORE TOM AND SORFUL CAN GET AWAY.



REALIZING THE ODDS ARE TOO GREAT, TOM AND SORFUL BACK OUT THROUGH THE WINDOW, MEANWHILE EXCHANGING SHOTS WITH THE RUSTLER GANG.



WITH A FINAL VOLLEY, TOM AND SORFUL REACH THE HORSES! "RIDE FOR THE SHERIFF," TOM ORDERS SORFUL. "I'LL LEAD THE RUSTLERS THE OTHER WAY!"



PAUSING TO LET THE OUTLAWS CATCH SIGHT OF HIM, TOM PUSHES TONY, HIS FAMOUS HORSE, ALONG A TRAIL ON THE FACE OF THE CANYON CLIFF.



WHILE SORFUL MAKES HIS GETAWAY AND RIDES FOR THE SHERIFF, TOM SUDDENLY SEES THAT HE IS TRAPPED! "ONLY ONE WAY OUT, BOY!" HE TELLS TONY.



"TAKE THAT, YUH VARMINTS!" TOM SHOUTS AS HE EMPTIES HIS GUN AT THE RUSTLERS WHO HAVE CUT HIM OFF. SPINNING ON THE TRAIL, HE AND TONY LEAD FAR OUT FROM THE CLIFF!



WHILE THE AWESTRUCK RUSTLERS PEER OUT FROM THE NARROW TRAIL, TOM AND TONY SPLIT THE AIR AND DISAPPEAR INTO THE WATERS OF GILA RIVER!



"STEADY, BOY!" TOM WHISPERS IN TONY'S EARS AS THEY COME TO THE SURFACE OF THE ROARING TORRENT! THEY HAVE ESCAPED THE RUSTLERS BUT JAGGED ROCKS ARE CLOSE!



SWIMMING BRAVELY, TONY AVOIDS THE ROCKS AND A FEW MINUTES LATER, OUT OF SIGHT OF THE RUSTLERS, TOM AND HIS HORSE REACH A SLOPING SHORE SAFELY.



MEANWHILE, BACK AT THE CABIN, SCOTT SOMMERS, RENEGADE FOSTER SON OF THE MURDERED OLD MAN SOMMERS FOR WHOM TOM HAD BEEN WORKING, CALLS THE RUSTLERS TOGETHER! "TOM MIX GOT KILLED FOR SURE IN THAT JUMP!"



"WITH HIM OUT OF THE WAY," SCOTT CONTINUES, "AN' MY ROSTER FATHER DEAD, WE'LL DRAIN EVERY CENT OUTA THIS RANGE! AN' THE FIRST JOB IS TO GET RID OF OLD SOR'FUL WILCOX!"



WITH A SNARLED, "WE'LL STRING THE OLD GEEZER UP!" THE RUSTLERS HEAD ACROSS THE PRAIRIE, NOT KNOWING THAT SOR'FUL HAS RIDDEN FOR THE SHERIFF!



ON THE RIVER BANK, TOM SEES A CLOUD OF DUST RISING FROM THE PRAIRIE. "RECKON SCOTT SOMMERS MUST BE RIDIN' AFTER SOR'FUL," HE DECIDES AND SETS OUT IN PURSUIT!



BUT SOR'FUL WILCOX REACHES BIOSTONE BEFORE THE OUTLAWS. "SCOTT SOMMERS HAS TURNED RUSTLER!" HE TELLS THE SHERIFF. "YORE CRAZY!" THE SHERIFF ANSWERS. "AN' I AINT GONNA DO A THING!"



SHERIFF DOYLE'S ACTION MAKES SOR'FUL SUSPICIOUS! "I BETTER GIT BACK AN' FIND TOM," HE DECIDES. "THIS DOLE HOMBRE SOUNDS BAD-- HE MIGHT EVEN BE TEAMED UP WITH THE OUTLAWS!"



BUT AS SOR'FUL APPROACHES THE HITTING RACK, A MASKED BAND OF RIDERS -- THE RUSTLERS -- GALLOPS UP AND SOR'FUL IS COVERED BEFORE HE CAN GO FOR HIS GUN!



"YORE ALL CAUGHT UP, WILCOX!" SNARLS THE LEADER. HIS ROPE WHISTLES OUT AND SETTLES ON SOR'FUL'S SHOULDERS AS THE RUSTLER'S HORSE LEAPS INTO A GALLOP.



AS THE RUSTLERS, WITH SOR'FUL WILCOX DRAGGED BEHIND, START DOWN THE MAIN STREET TOM MIX ARRIVES. "THEY'VE GOT SOR'FUL!" HE EXCLAIMS AND GOES INTO ACTION!



"IT'S A LONG SHOT," TOM GASPS AS HE URGES TOMY INTO A WILD GALLOP. "BUT I'VE GOT TO -- SAVE SOR'FUL -- I OWE -- MY LIFE -- TO HIM!"



TOM'S GUN ROARS AS HE SEES SOR'FUL MAY BE DRAGGED TO DEATH BEFORE HE CAN CATCH UP. THE LONG SHOT IS STRAIGHT AND TRUE - IT CUTS THE ROPE!



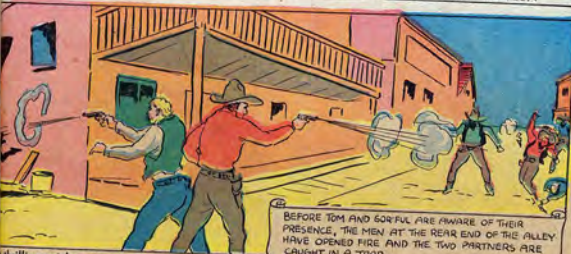
AS THE RUSTLER LEADER SEES THAT SOR'FUL IS LOOSE, THE GANG TURNS AND OPENS FIRE ON TOM! LEAD BLAZES THROUGH THE LITTLE COWTOWN'S MAIN STREET



THE ODDS ARE STACKED AGAINST HIM, BUT TOM RETURNS THE FIRE UNTIL SOR'FUL, WHOSE GUN ALSO IS BLAZING, TELLS: "IN HERE, TOM! WE CAN STAND 'EM OFF BETTER!"



"WE'RE GITTIN' 'EM, TOM!" SOR'FUL EXCLAIMS AS THEIR GUNS TAKE A HEAVY TOLL OF THE RUSTLERS. BUT WHILE THEY ARE FIRING, A GROUP OF MEN, GUNS IN HAND, STEALTHILY ENTER THE BACK END OF THE ALLEY!



BEFORE TOM AND SOR'FUL ARE AWARE OF THEIR PRESENCE, THE MEN AT THE REAR END OF THE ALLEY HAVE OPENED FIRE AND THE TWO PARTNERS ARE CAUGHT IN A TRAP

thrilling serial continued in our next issue!

HOW TO MAKE THE LD-3

CATAPULT GLIDER

By
Dusty Dowst



THE LD-3 is rightly named for it appeals to us for three reasons. It's versatile. Its elevators can be adjusted for very precise spot landings, for distance, or for great wide loops, climbing turns and flat spirals, when catapulted into the air by a couple of feet of double-strand rubber band fastened to the end of a two-foot stick. And last but not least, it's good looking, clean and beautifully balanced. The China Clipper (Martin) and the new Douglas DC3 are our favorite ships, and the LD-3 combines the best features of each. The fuselage and the wing mounting remind us of the Clipper, the sweep-back of the wing's leading edge of the Douglas.

Well, whet your old toad-sticker; we'll have a try at it. To make it less complicated for you, we're presenting the working plans in actual scale. But because of lack of space, we're able to show only half of the balanced parts. Here's an easy way to follow this type of plan: Cut out Figure I, the wing, squaring it off along line A-B. Place it on a $\frac{1}{8}$ " Balsa flat and outline it with pencil, being sure to mark line x-y also, as that is the exact center. Then flip the pattern straight over with x-y for a reference, and you have your wing full length. Now sandpaper the wing form and taper as indicated; turn it over and make light knife gashes along lines a-b and A-B. Gently break the cuts open to allow about one, or one and a half degrees of incidence (see head-on view in Figure VI, E and E) and fill the notches with glue to make the wing solid, and the angles constant.

Don't be afraid of the fuselage. Figure II is a bird's-eye vista of its outline in a Balsa block the size mentioned. Figure III is a side view. Of course, when you have whittled according to those two dimensions, she will still look sharp and angular where the four planes meet. So round off all the corners except sections D-C and the rectangle A-B-b-a; dress it down to a graceful contour.

As with every heavier-than-air craft, the angles at which the wings and tail surfaces are placed are vitally important, so follow the plan closely in regard to the center section "rectangle", and the plane C-D, on the tail.

In Figure III you will notice the catapult hook. Bend a piece of wire over the nose, as in the illustration. Impress it slightly into the soft Balsa wood, bind it with light cotton thread and coat the binding with glue. This type of hook not only stands plenty of pulling shock and acts as a crash pad, but it will not split the wood as a driven hook might. Back of the hook is a strip of soft lead, completely encircling the fuselage. (You'll have to test various weights before you make one permanent.)

Figure IV, the elevators, may be cut out, traced onto your $\frac{1}{8}$ " Balsa flat and reversed, the same way you used the half-wing pattern. The rudder, of course, is not abbreviated. Sand all surfaces of the tail group smoothly, trimming off the sharp edges. Then glue the rudder vertically to the elevators, so that the lines c-d on each matches.

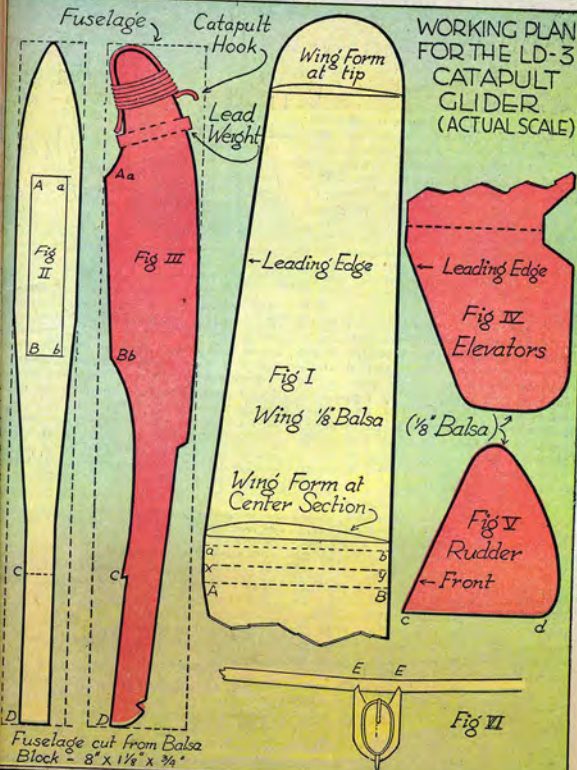
From now on it's easy sailing. If you have followed directions carefully, the center section rectangle A-B-b-a on the fuselage will fit perfectly with the corresponding segment of the wing center section. Glue the wing on accordingly, fair and square, and nail it down with a couple of common pins, until your model cement has set. We suggest the old reliable rubber band method of anchoring the tail unit. Clamp points c-d of the empennage (pardon us while we dodge the rusty spark plugs—that's a snooty word for tail group) to points C-D of the fuselage.

Before you go out in the back lot and cut a birch twig for your catapult rubber, try a few gentle glides, bearing in mind that any gymnastics (guess we should say aerobatics) your ship threatens to perform at low speeds will be accentuated many times under the comparatively terrific impetus of the catapult. We made that mistake.

At the first catapult we tried our LD-3 whipped into such a tight, fast loop that she must have hit Nino G's at the top—and dove out of it like a bull let, smack into the back of our neck! When we came to we set the elevators almost flat, for the high speed stuff, and we've had a barrel of fun ever since. We're wishing you the same.

MODEL PLANE

WORKING PLAN FOR THE LD-3 CATAPULT GLIDER (ACTUAL SCALE)



Fuselage cut from Balsa
Block - 8" x 1 1/8" x 3/4"

INTERNATIONAL SPY

FEATURING

DOCTOR DOOM



TRAPPED BY THE FALCON, WHO HOLDS DOOM'S SON, THE DOCTOR DEFIES TORTURE BUT MARK CAMERON AMAZINGLY OFFERS TO DISCLOSE THE RETURIAN WAR SECRETS!

CAMERON HAS TURNED TRAITOR, ALL IS LOST!



DOCTOR DOOM IS BITTER. BUT GO AHEAD, CAMERON, FINISH DISCLOSING THE PLANS!

YOU ARE FREE TO GO -- NOW THAT WE HAVE THE WAR PLANS YOU WERE GUARDING!

I AM FREE?



BUT MARK CAMERON HAS NOT TURNED TRAITOR! HE TELLS THE FALCON INFORMATION, WHICH, IF MERDIA USES IT IN WAR WITH RETURIA, WILL DESTROY THE MERDIA FORCES! -- RELEASED, MARK SEARCHES FOR A PLAN TO FREE DOOM AND THE OTHERS WHEN HE IS GREETED BY GERVER, A FREE-LANCE SPY WITH WHOM HE ONCE WORKED.

WELL I'LL BE -- MARK CAMERON!

PETRO GERVER! JUST THE MAN TO HELP ME OUT! LISTEN!



WE'RE SAFE HERE IN MY HIDEOUT!

I GAVE THE FALCON FALSE INFORMATION SO I COULD GET LOOSE AND PERHAPS FREE DOOM. WHAT'S YOUR PLAN?



I AM SURE MARK DIDN'T TURN TRAITOR -- IT WAS A TRICK -- ON THE FALCON. NOW LET'S SEE IF MARK CAN GET US OUT!

MEANWHILE IN THE FORTRESS DUNGEONS, DOOM REALIZES THAT MARK MUST HAVE BEEN TRYING SOME TRICK!



INTERNATIONAL SPY



EVERYBODY SET?
LOOK-- GUARDS COMING!
WE'LL HAVE TO RUN FOR IT!

GO AHEAD, GERVER.
WE'LL BE WELL HIDDEN!

LIFTING UP A SECRET
COMPARTMENT IN
THE WINE CART,
DOCTOR DOOM AND
THE AGENTS HIDE
AS GUARD, AROUSED,
COMES AFTER THEM!
THE ABSENCE OF
DOOM AND THE
OTHERS IS DISCOVERED
SIRENS BLAST THE
NIGHT AIR! --
-- SEARCHLIGHTS
SWEEP THE OLD
FORTRESS!



GO AHEAD, GERVER--
GALLOP THE HORSES!
WE MUST NOT BE
CAUGHT!



DOWN HERE! THEY MAY
HAVE GONE THIS WAY.

SPIES HAVE ESCAPED
FROM THE DUNGEON!
AND THE WHOLE
THING CAN START
WAR WITH RETURIA,
PERHAPS!



WE'LL HEAD FOR
THE AIRPORT, DOCTOR!

CAREENING WILDLY AWAY FROM THE
FORTRESS, GERVER MOMENTARILY GIVES
THE GUARDS THE SLIP BY USING BACK
ROADS! THEY HEAD FOR THE AIRPORT--
THEIR ONE CHANCE TO ESCAPE!

"THE COMICS"

CROSSWORD PUZZLE PAGE

by OUR READERS



WORK OUT THE TWO PUZZLES BELOW—THEN TRY TO MAKE UP ONE OF YOUR OWN. FOR EACH CROSSWORD PUZZLE ACCEPTED BY US AND PRINTED WE WILL PAY \$2.50. THE PUZZLES MUST BE ORIGINAL, MUST CONTAIN EXACTLY 36 BOXES, SIX ACROSS AND SIX DOWN, AND MUST CONTAIN A COMPLETE AND CORRECT SOLUTION.

Address Your Entries to the: **CROSSWORD PUZZLE EDITOR,**
THE COMICS, 149 MADISON AVE., NEW YORK CITY



ACROSS

DOWN

- | | |
|----------------------|----------------------------|
| 1. Water animal | 1. Tree of the pine family |
| 5. Humorous | 2. Neuter pronoun |
| 6. Spoil | 3. Take dishonestly |
| 7. Printer's measure | 4. Religious song |
| 8. By | 5. Liquid |
| 9. Cooking utensil | 6. Masculine |
| 10. Lawful | 9. French dance step |
| 12. God of love | 11. Depart |

ACROSS

DOWN

- | | |
|------------------------|---------------------------|
| 1. Navigate | 1. More sorrowful |
| 5. Fight | 2. Took food |
| 7. A lyric poem | 3. Neuter pronoun |
| 8. Indefinite article | 4. South American animals |
| 9. Newspaper item | 5. Large serpent |
| 10. Printers' measures | 6. Half an em: pl. |
| 11. Girl's name | 10. Shade-tree |
| 13. Male sheep: pl. | 12. Musical syllable |

THE SOLUTIONS TO THESE PUZZLES APPEAR ON ANOTHER PAGE OF THIS ISSUE OF "THE COMICS"—THERE WILL BE MORE NEXT MONTH!

AND DON'T FORGET TO SEND IN A PUZZLE FOR A PRIZE!



TOM BEATTY

CORNERED
IN THE GORGON
HIDEOUT, WHERE HE
HAS GONE IN AN ATTEMPT
TO RESCUE HIS YOUNG PAL, DANNY
M'KEE, TOM BEATTY FACES DEATH

YOU'RE ALL
WASHED UP,
BEATTY!



THERE GOES THE SUB-MACHINE GUN!
TOM'S DONE FOR!



LYING TIED HAND AND FOOT, DANNY M'KEE HEARS
THE SUB-MACHINE GUN STUTTER ITS DEADLY SONG
AND BELIEVES TOM IS DEAD.

MISSED ME WITH THE
FIRST BURST! AND HERE'S
MY GUN - HE WON'T
GET A SECOND
CHANCE!



TOM DUCKS AND ESCAPES THE FIRST BLAST OF FIRE!
THEN HIS FINGERS CLOSE ON HIS GUN, WHICH HAD
SLIPPED THROUGH THE TRAP DOOR WHEN HE WAS CAUGHT.

GOT YOU,
YOU RAT!
NOW YOU
EAT LEAD.



TOM'S SHOT
ONLY WOUNDS
THE GORGON'S
AIDE, AND
THE GANGSTER
ESCAPES. --
-- MEANWHILE
IN POLICE
HEADQUARTERS --
-- --

THE GORGON GOT
INTO THE JAIL --
AND EXTRACTED
A CONFESSION
FROM M'KEE
SERGEANT!

BUT HE LEFT
HIS PEN, EN?



TOM BEATTY



ALL RIGHT, SERGEANT! I'LL TAKE THOSE FINGER-PRINTS! - - - AND YOU'LL TAKE THIS.

BUT AS THE SERGEANT IS ABOUT TO EXAMINE THE PRINTS, A SINISTER VOICE SPEAKS FROM THE WINDOW - - - AND A GUN ROARS!!



THAT GUNMAN GOT AWAY AND... DANNY! HE'S GONE, TOO!

TOM BEATTY GETTING OUT OF THE TRAP THROUGH THE DOOR BY WHICH THE GUNMAN ESCAPED, FINDS THAT DANNY MCKEE HAS BEEN TAKEN AWAY.





THE TAXI ROARS UP TO PIER IT JUST AS A SPEED BOAT THUNDERS OUT INTO THE RIVER. TOM BEATTY COMMANDERS ANOTHER SPEEDBOAT AND SETS OUT IN PURSUIT!



HEROES' HALL of FAME

STOOK'S ALLIANCE



HANDY WITH A GUN

HE RAN AWAY FROM HOME AT 15 TO HUNT WITH "BUFFALO BILL". AT 20 HE KILLED HIS FIRST MAN. — A NOTED GUNMAN TRIED TO STEAL A POT FROM THE LAD IN A POKER GAME. BAT CHALLENGED HIM AND THEY WENT FOR THEIR GUNS. TO THE SURPRISE OF ALL THE KID CAME OUT ON TOP.

"BAT" MASTERSON

AT 22 HE BECAME SHERIFF OF DODGE CITY, KANSAS, SAID TO BE THE TOUGHEST SPOT IN THE WORLD, AND KILLED 37 BAD MEN BEFORE HE RETIRED TO BECOME A NEW YORKER.

HE WAS DEADLY ON THE TRAIL—WENT OUT OF HIS DISTRICT TO RUN DOWN THE FAMOUS RUDABAUGH GANG OF TRAIN ROBBERS. HE WAS CHAINED LIGHTNING WITH A GUN.

HE DIED WHILE WORKING ON A NEW YORK NEWSPAPER.



JACK WAGNER AND ALF WALKER KILLED BAT'S BROTHER IN A SALOON. BAT ARRIVED ON THE SCENE AND WENT INTO ACTION. WHEN THE SMOKE CLEARED BOTH MEN LAY DEAD. HE NEVER HUNTED A FIGHT—OR DODGED ONE.



Things break about even for all of us. For example, we all get about the same amount of ice. The rich get it in the summer time and the poor get it in the winter.

THE LAST THING HE WROTE.

STOOK'S ALLIANCE

G-MAN JIM

G-MAN JIM AND HIS LIEUTENANT, HOPKINS, SEIZE THE ENGINE ROOM AND THE PILOT HOUSE OF THE DOPE SMUGGLER'S YACHT FOR THE OPEN SEA.

IF HOPKINS CAN ONLY HANDLE THE ENGINE ROOM -- WE HAVE A FIGHTING CHANCE!



ONE OF THE FEDS... HE'S ON THE WHEEL!

LET'S Toss A TEAR GAS BOMB IN THERE, JOE!

THE HELMSMAN AND ENGINE ROOM CREW ARE TIED UP, BUT THE REST OF THE SMUGGLERS OPEN FIRE FROM THE DECK ON G-MAN JIM!

THE TEAR GAS'LL BRING HIM OUT OF THERE IN A HURRY!



SURE, HE'S OUT COLD! THE GAS GOT HIM!

WE'LL GET THE OTHER FED, IN THE ENGINE ROOM THE SAME WAY!



WELL, HE GOT THE SAME DOSE AS THE OTHER FED! NOW WHAT? DRILL 'EM BOTH?

NAW! MAKE IT TOUGH FOR 'EM -- SET 'EM ADRIFF!



HOPKINS, IN THE ENGINE ROOM, IS LICKED BY THE TEAR GAS AND IS TIED UP WITH JIM WHILE THE SMUGGLERS DECIDE ON A HORRIBLE FATE FOR THE TWO FEDERAL AGENTS!

THEY'LL COME TO... AND THEY'LL FIND THEMSELVES WITH NO FOOD, NO WATER AND --

YEAH! AND NO OARS!



G-MAN JIM

HOPKINS! CAN YOU LOOSEN YOUR BONDS?

NOT A CHANCE, JIM!



HOURS LATER, UNDER THE BROILING SUN, THE TWO GOVERNMENT AGENTS, HAVING REGAINED CONSCIOUSNESS, FIND THEMSELVES ADRIFT IN THE OPEN BOAT, FAR FROM LAND!

I'VE FOUND A LOOSE SCREW IN THE HULL! I CAN CUT THE ROPES ON IT!



ALL RIGHT, HOPKINS, I'M LOOSE. NOW I'LL UNTIE YOU!

CAN'T SEE WHAT GOOD IT'LL DO US, THERE'S NOTHING IN SIGHT!



LOOK! A VESSEL OVER THERE!

I'LL WAVE MY SHIRT, JIM, MAYBE THEY'LL SEE US!



NOT LONG AFTERWARD, G-MAN JIM SIGHS THE WHITE SAILS OF A BOAT ON THE HORIZON. THE VESSEL SEEMS TO BE GOING PAST THEM UNTIL HOPKINS USES HIS SHIRT AS A SIGNAL OF DISTRESS!

THANKS, SKIPPER! WE WERE ALMOST READY TO GIVE UP HOPE!

WHAT YOU FELLOWS DOIN' OUT HERE IN AN OPEN LIFE BOAT?



HOPE YE CAUGH THEM SMUGGLERS!

SO LONG, SKIPPER! YOU'VE DONE UNCLE SAM A GOOD TURN TODAY!



G-MAN JIM EXPLAINS THEIR SITUATION, AND THE CAPTAIN OF THE FISHING SCHOONER HEADS FOR SHORE WHERE JIM AND HOPKINS DISSEMBARK.



GLAD TO SEE YOU AGAIN, FELLOWS! WE'VE GOT TO MOVE FAST. HOPKINS AND I HAVE LOCATED THE DOPE SMUGGLERS' HIDEOUT!

FIGURING THAT THE SMUGGLERS WILL FEEL SECURE THAT JIM AND HOPKINS DIED IN THE OPEN BOMB, THE TWO GOT SOME NEW CLOTHES AND REJOIN THE OTHER AGENTS.



LET'S GO, MEN! WAIT-- THAT MAN-- HE'S ONE OF THE SMUGGLERS!

AS THEY START OUT, G-MAN JIM SUDDENLY SPOTS ONE OF THE SMUGGLERS NEAR THE HOTEL. THE MAN FLEES IN A CAR, WITH THE G-MEN IN PURSUIT!



WE'RE CATCHING UP! TRY AND HIT THEIR REAR TIRES!



THE BRIDGE! IT MAY BE A TRAP! THE BRAKES! QUICK!



TIRES SHRILL WILDLY AS BRAKES ARE APPLIED ON THE FEDERAL MEN'S CAR AT JIM'S SUDDEN WARNING. BUT EVEN AS HE YELLS, THE BRIDGE IS HURLED HIGH IN THE AIR BY A TERRIFIC BLAST!

Watch for our next issue

HOW TO BECOME A CHAMPION

DO YOU WANT TO DEVELOP A GAME OF TENNIS WHICH YOU WOULD NOT BE ASHAMED TO EXHIBIT EVEN IN A FRIENDLY GAME WITH A NATIONAL CHAMPION? OR WOULD YOU RATHER BE ABLE TO BEAT YOUR PALS? YOU HAVE TO MAKE YOUR CHOICE, FOR YOU CAN'T LEARN CHAMPIONSHIP FORM WHILE PLAYING TO WIN, BUT BY STUDYING IT POINT BY POINT.



THE CORRECT GRIP FOR A "TWO-SIDED GAME", A GAME WHICH UTILIZES BOTH SIDES OF THE RACKET, THE FINGERS ARE SPREAD OUT, WITH THE FOREFINGER SLIGHTLY SEPARATED FROM THE OTHERS. THIS ENABLES YOU TO SWING FROM A FORE-HAND DRIVE TO A BACK-STROKE WITHOUT SHIFTING YOUR GRIP.



THE RECEIVER IS READY FOR A FORE-HAND BALANCE IS DISTRIBUTED EVENLY BETWEEN THE FEET WHICH ARE PARALLEL TO THE LINE THE BALL WILL TRAVEL. THE WRIST IS HELD STRAIGHT WITH THE FORE-ARM IN ITS POSITION OF GREATEST STRENGTH. DO NOT BEND WRIST ON THE BACK-SWING.



THE BODY OF THE PLAYER HAS TURNED UNTIL HIS SHOULDERS ARE PARALLEL WITH THE BASE LINE. HE FACES THE DIRECTION THE BALL HAS TAKEN, HIS WEIGHT SHIFTING TO HIS LEFT FOOT. THE WRIST IS TURED SO THAT THE FACE OF THE RACKET WILL BE TOWARD THE GROUND ON THE FOLLOW-THROUGH.

THE GREATEST "TWO-SIDED" PLAYER OF ALL TIME WAS

BILL TILDEN.

BILL HAS ALWAYS PLAYED INTELLIGENT, CORRECT TENNIS- INSTEAD OF DEPENDING UPON AN EXCESSIVE AMOUNT OF LEG WORK OR PHYSICAL STAMINA TO WIN GAMES FOR HIM. BILL IS THE OUTSTANDING SPORTSMAN IN ONE OF THE CLEANEST AND FINEST OF ALL SPORTS.



Myra North

SPECIAL NURSE

BY THOMPSON AND COLL

THE COMICS



I'VE TALKED TO THE MASTER—WE DON'T NEED ANY HELP—BUT, SINCE YOU'RE A NURSE, WE MIGHT PUT YOU ON AS A SECOND PARLOR MAID—TEMPORARILY.



YOUR DUTIES WILL BE SIMPLE—YOU'RE TO KEEP THINGS DUSTED, AND HELP OUT IN CASE OF—ER—ILLNESS—LET ME SHOW YOU TO YOUR ROOM—



A WORD OF WARNING, MISS—YOU'LL FIND THIS A QUEER HOUSEHOLD—BUT REMEMBER, THE PERFECT SERVANT SEES NOTHING—YOU UNDERSTAND?



NOW I HAVE THIS JOB IN THE STOKELY ESTATE, I'LL HAVE TO WATCH MY STEP IF I'M TO LEARN ANYTHING ABOUT THESE GEM GRUBBERS.



THIS CERTAINLY IS A GLOOMY PLACE—I HAVEN'T SEEN A SINGLE SOUL SINCE I'VE BEEN HERE.



SAY! WHAT'S THE IDEA? WHO ARE YOU?

OH!—ER—I'M THE NEW MAID, SIR.



I WON'T HAVE ANY PEOPLE SNOOPING AROUND MY HOUSE—GET OUT!

BUT, SIR—YOU'RE SICK—I'M A NURSE—LET ME HELP YOU!



THERE, SIR—ISN'T THAT BETTER? NOW, DRINK THIS.

HM—GO YOU'RE A NURSE, ARE YOU? WELL—ER—WHAT'S YOUR NAME?



MILLIE, SIR—AND I USED TO WORK FOR A DOCTOR WHO SPECIALIZED IN LIMB AFFLICTIONS.

HM—WELL, SEE WHAT YOU CAN DO FOR THESE OL' SHANKS OF MINE, AND I'LL PAY YOU WELL.



MYRA NORTH

SO THAT'S OLD STOKELY, EH? - WELL, I WONDER JUST HOW HE FITS IN WITH THE GEM SMUGGLERS -



HM-NM

I BELIEVE I'LL START A LITTLE DETECTING, ON MY OWN -



LOOK OUT, MYRA! YOU'RE IN A TICKLISH SPOT!

WILL YOU STOP SNOOPING, MILLIE, AND ANSWER THE BELL!



OH, ER - CERTAINLY, MAAM - I WAS JUST SEEING IF THE PICTURE NEEDED DUSTING

WHW-THAT WAS A CLOSE SQUEAK - WONDER WHO THIS VISITOR CAN BE, AT THIS HOUR -



HEAVENS! IT'S HYSTER!



WHY THE DELAY? I WANT TO SEE STOKELY, RIGHT AWAY!

HELLO, CHIEF - I SEE YOU HAVE A NEW MAID.



WHW-THANK HEAVENS HE DIDN'T RECOGNIZE ME, IN THIS WIG!

IM AFRAID THIS IS TOO HARD A NUT FOR ME TO CRACK - I'VE BEEN HERE A WEEK, AND NOT A TRACE OF A CLUE!



HERE, MILLIE - THE MASTER SAYS YOU'RE TO TAKE THE DOGS OUT FOR A WALK IN THE PARK EVERY AFTERNOON -



HOW THIS JOB HAS FLATTENED OUT! I START OUT AS A DETECTIVE AND FIND MYSELF PLAYING NURSE MAID TO A COUPLE OF HOUNDS -



HEAVENS! I DO BELIEVE THAT MAN IS FOLLOWING ME!



NEXT DAY

WELL, ITS TIME TO WALK MY CANINE CHARGES AGAIN - HUNGRY! WHAT A THRILL! COME ON, YOU MUTTS!



OH, MILLIE - WHILE YOU'RE DOWN IN THE PARK, KEEP AN EYE PEELED FOR A DARK, GREEN YACHT - COME BACK HERE AS SOON AS YOU SEE IT!



YES, SIR...

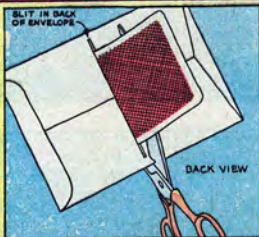


THE COMICS



This thrilling feature will be continued.

MAGIC!



The Uncut Card

Inserting a playing card in an envelope and sealing it, the performer proceeds to cut the envelope in half with a pair of scissors. When the portions are drawn apart, the card is seen to be uncut.

A slit is previously made on the under side of the envelope, through which the card is pushed. Cut between the card and the envelope.



Long or Short

The spectator is given a choice of two matches—one the performer says is long, the other short. The spectator will always take the short match—no matter how hard he tries to get the long one.

Both matches are full sized matches broken and fixed together. Retain one half of the match which the spectator draws; then show the other match as the long one.



Magic Writing

The magician passes out a piece of paper which on examination is shown to be quite blank. He heats the paper over a candle flame and immediately a message appears.

To prepare for this trick in advance, make an ink out of lemon juice and write upon the paper with it. The writing will be invisible, but heat applied to it, will make it show.



Coin and Paper

A coin is placed in the center of a small piece of paper and the paper is folded. Upon unfolding the paper the coin is discovered to have disappeared. Anyone may be allowed to unfold the paper.

Fold the sides of the paper inward, forming a tube or slide. In bending down the end of the paper, let the coin slide secretly into the hand.

SOMBRERO PETE

WHILE PETE AND HIS FRIENDS ARE AT THE HOME OF THE MAYOR OF EL TROPICO, THE MAYOR'S SON IS KIDNAPED!



LEAVING SOMBRERO PETE AND DON BUENA, DICK TRUELAW, THE AMERICAN FEDERAL AGENT, RESUMES HIS JOB AS A WAITER -- AND OVERHEARS STARTLING NEWS FROM DIABLOS!





AS DIABLO'S GUARD DOZES IN HIS CHAIR, PETE AND DON BUENA SEND PINTO, WITH A KNIFE AND A NOTE, INSIDE. ESTABAN MANAGES TO CUT LOOSE HIS BONDS! -- FREE AGAIN HE THRASHES THE GUARD, TIES HIM, THEN JOINS PETE AND THE OTHERS OUTSIDE!



THE COMICS



PETE AND HIS PALS TRAIL DIABLOS, BUT MOMENTARILY LOSE SIGHT OF HIM, AND HE REACHES EL TROPICO MINE WHERE HE STARTS A FIGHT WITH MIKE THE SUCK!



SMASHING DIABLOS UNCONSCIOUS, MIKE THE SUCK LOOTS THE MINE OF ALL THE GOLD WHICH RIGHTFULLY BELONGS TO DON BUENA, PETE'S FRIEND, AND ESCAPES.

--- A FEW MINUTES LATER, THE THREE FRIENDS ARRIVE AT THE MINE -- BUT TOO LATE TO SAVE THE GOLD! DON BUENA IS RUINED AND DICK HAS LOST SIGHT OF THE GANGSTER.



COWBOY COMICS

OUT OUR WAY

BY
J. R. WILLIAMS



DON'T FORGET THE NEXT ISSUE OF "THE COMICS"

Packed with funnies and special features

Learn how to make a
model plane!
Test your imagination!

Fool your friends with
magic!
Save adventure stamps!

•
And follow the thrilling adventures of

Shooting Sheriff
Tom Beatty
Coast Guard
Arizona Kid

Tom Mix
Oop and Dinny
Sombbrero Pete
Wash Tubbs

And many others!

SPEED BOLTON

AIR ACE

IN THE AIRPORT CONTROL ROOM OF ALLIED AIRLINES, SPEED BOLTON, ACE PILOT, LISTENS WITH HIS PAL AND CO-PILOT, WINGS DALE, AS REPORTS OF A STORM PILE UP.



A MILLION IN U.S. BONDS -- THAT'S THE ANSWER, WINGS. AND WE'LL BE FLYING THEM! -- HERE COMES FLIGHT SIX!



AS SPEED AND WINGS GO TO TAKE OVER FLIGHT SIX FOR THE HOP THROUGH THE STORM, THREE SINISTER APPEARING PASSENGERS BOARD THE SHIP.



WITH BETTY CLAIR, CHIEF HOSTESS OF ALLIED AIRLINES, WATCHING THE THREE PASSENGERS, SPEED AND WINGS DALE GET THE SHIP IN THE AIR.



FLIGHT SIX THUNDERS WESTWARD, MOTORS ROARING AS THE PLANE MEETS AND CONQUERS THE HEADWINDS, BUT INSIDE THE SHIP AN AIR OF TENSION GROWS.

FLIGHT SIX - CALLING - ALLIED - FLIGHT SIX - CALLING - ALLIED - - FLIGHT SIX REPORTING STORM INCREASING IN INTENSITY!



LIGHTNING PLAYS ABOUT THE GIANT AIRLINER, AND STATIC MAKES THE RADIO BLURRED AND INDISTINCT. MEANWHILE, IN THE CABIN ---



OH! A GUN! SPEED! LOOK OUT!

SHUT UP, YOU! OR I'LL...



GUESS THAT'LL HOLD THE DAME FER AWHILE! GO AHEAD!

IF THE PILOT GETS TROUGH -- BURN 'EM DOWN!



DON'T MAKE NO TROUBLE, YOU TWO -- OR ELSE...

WHAT THE... A STICK UP!

THE COMICS



YOU AIN'T GONNA GET A CHANCE TO GIVE NO ALARM!

SPEED BOLTON'S HUNCH IS RIGHT! AND AS ONE OF THE GUNMEN SMASHES THE RADIO, WINGS GOES INTO ACTION!



ALL RIGHT, PILOT, FLY WHEREWE TELL YOU OR YOU'LL GET THE SAME THING!

I GOT HIM!



I'LL CHANGE THE COURSE -- BUT NOT LIKE YOU THINK!

INSTEAD OF CHANGING COURSE, SPEED TWISTS THE SHIP HALF WAY OVER ON IT'S BACK!



MAYBE YOU PUNKS THINK YOU'RE GOING TO GET THE BONDS -- BUT I DON'T!

DON'T SHOOT OR WE'LL ALL CRASH!



AS SPEED, DISREGARDING THE COST, SLUGS FURIOUSLY WITH THE ARMED MEN, ONE GUNMAN SLUGS HIM UNCONSCIOUS -- AND FLIGHT SIX SCREAMS TOWARD DESTRUCTION!

This thrilling serial continued in our next issue!



Let Your IMAGINATION

BE POPULAR • BE THE LIFE OF THE PARTY!!

THE PRIZE WINNING
"LINE" OF LAST MONTH,
WON BY TERRY ROE
OF CHICAGO.

NO PARTY IS EVER DULL
WHEN ONE CAN
DRAW -- TRY
THIS LITTLE
GAME!



How's
this
one!



OH-Boy!



THE SAME LINE
CARRIED ON —

JUST DRAW A CONTINUOUS SINGLE LINE. A CASH PRIZE OF \$100 WILL BE AWARDED FOR THE MOST ORIGINAL LINE THAT SUGGESTS A PICTURE TO OUR ARTIST

TWO \$100 PRIZES FOR THE BEST PICTURES DRAWN USING THE ARTIST'S LINES IN THE PANELS ON OPPOSITE PAGE



THE FINISHED DRAW-
ING AS OUR ARTIST SAW IT.





Run Away With You!

by Brigham

CASH PRIZES!

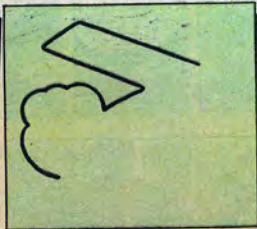


ANOTHER WINNER
MARY FITZ - DENVER



AND ANOTHER -
FRANK WINGATE - BOSTON

Hello
Everybody!!



HI-
HO!



Send All Contributions to -
THE EDITOR - THE COMICS
149 MADISON AVENUE,
NEW YORK - N.Y.

Watch for our next issue.

ALLEY OOP AND DINNY BY HAMLIN

FLASH

MOO JUNKS MONARCHY, BECOMES A REPUBLIC, WITH FOOZY AT ITS HEAD, ASSISTED BY A CABINET OF TWO MEN: WUGGY WOZ, MINISTER OF STATE, AND THE CARDIFF GIANT, MINISTER OF WAR.



OOP AND DINNY





OOP AND DINNY



GOLLY - I'M GLAD THAT BIG LUNK DIDN'T SPOT ME, AFTER I LAMMED HIM ON TH' TAIL!



ADVENTURE STAMPS

by I.S. KLEIN

by I.S. KLEIN

THE TRENCH OF BAYONETS



THE Germans were threatening Verdun. In June, 1916. Opposing them, a blue-gray line of French infantry awaited the signal to go over the top. Rain had drenched the trenches and transformed the earth into a quivering mass of mud.

Among the defending forces, a small company of 100 men stood ankle-deep in their soggy trench, rifles ready and bayonets fixed. The battery of cannon behind them was laying down a preliminary barrage. Mud flew high in the air as shots burst overhead.

Suddenly, without warning, the rain-drenched parapet of the trench loosened and heaved over, burying the entire company alive. Where stood the 100 eager soldiers, 100 fixed bayonets reached unimpaired upward out of the earth.

That fatal trench of bayonets has now been enclosed as a memorial to its 100 victims. Its picture appears on one of the stamps France issued, between 1917 and 1919, on behalf of the World War orphans.



BREAD THAT TURNED TO ROSES



In a silver cradle, tiny Elizabeth of Hungary was borne to the castle of her betrothed, son of the Landgrave of Thuringia. At 14, she was married, but the luxury of her surroundings only brought more sorrow to her as she observed the misery of the peasants.

One day Elizabeth filled her apron with bread for the poor. As she was leaving the castle, the Landgrave stopped her and demanded to see what was in the apron. Trembling with fear, she displayed—not the bread, but a mass of roses!

Thereseform, Elizabeth devoted her life to the poor. When her husband died, in 1227 she was deprived of her regency. Driven from home, oppressed and ridiculed by her own nobility, she renounced the world and entered a Franciscan convent. She died in 1231, at the age of 24, and four years later, Pope Gregory IX canonized her. In 1935, in the seventh centenary of her death, Hungary issued a set of four stamps in her honor.



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FREE!!

King George Memorial Packet

No mourning stamps will be issued, but we have prepared a booklet containing 11 stamps significant of his reign. Contains 11 different stamps, King George as Admiral, etc. We also include TWO pretty fun stamps. Send in postage. Interesting and useful.

Box 100, 301 Fourth Ave., BAY CITY, MICH.

The advertisements on this page are all submitted by well known firms.

When an advertiser asks you to send for his "approvals" he promises to send you a sheet of stamps with the price marked under each stamp.

Choose the ones you want and send back the rest of the sheet as promptly as possible, paying him for the stamps you have chosen.

**MORE "ADVENTURE
STAMPS" IN OUR
NEXT ISSUE**

- ALL FOR 5c -

Just imagine! A thrilling collection of five diff. TRI-ANGLE stamps (alone worth 20c retail) PLUS a fascinating "Round-the-World" packet of other fine stamps from such countries as Cayman Islands (scarce bi-colored Map), Epirus (Sharpshooter), Sudan (Desert Scene), U. S. British and French Colonies, etc. (not so common Europe) and finally, big lists, valuable coupons, and a WATERMARK DETECTOR! All for 5c to approval applicants. Write today for this remarkable bargain. MIDWOOD STAMP CO., Dept. SW, Midwood Station, Brooklyn, N. Y.

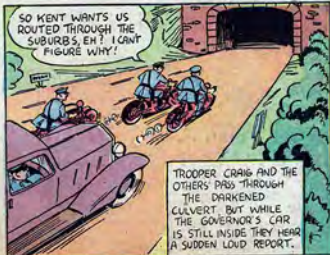
Norway ICELAND AIRMAIL Triangle and fine jacket including UBRANGI CHAD, GABON, ININI, ST. PIERRE, TOGO, SENEGAL, BRITISH COLONIES — stamps, ships and animal stamps. Only 5¢ for approval. *Illustrated* — Postmar Stamp Co., Dept. 3068, Washington, D.C.

FOUR Tried the Best—Now Get the Best! "Challenge Collectors," including Cape Goodhope, triangle, Thesaurus, Annual, Commemorative, life with approvals. Free Annual Collection, additional premiums given regular customers. Bargain Stamp Service, Box 5127, Los Angeles, California.

STATE TROOPER

IN
The Case of the KIDNAPPED GOVERNOR

...AS THE DAY FOR INAUGURATING THE NEW GOVERNOR DAWNS THE STATE TROOPERS RECEIVE ANONYMOUS WARNING!





THE COMICS



DECIDING THAT SOMEHOW MILLAR MUST HAVE BEEN HAULED UP FROM THE CAR THROUGH THE MANHOLE TO THE RAILROAD TRACKS, TROOPER DON CRAIG SUSPECTS THE BULLYING KENT.



STAYING OUT OF SIGHT, CRAIG FOLLOWS KENT DOWN THE DIRT ROAD-AND SUDDENLY TROUBLE!



ONE GUNMAN DROPS BEFORE CRAIG'S FIRE, AND THEN THE TROOPER FALLS, WOUNDED AND UNCONSCIOUS, AS HIS ASSAILANTS CLOSE IN! AND LIEUTENANT KENT HAS DISAPPEARED!

F	I	S	H
W	I	T	T
M	A	R	E
A	T	P	A
L	E	G	A
E	R	O	S

HERE ARE THE SOLUTIONS OF THE
CROSSWORD PUZZLES
 IN THIS ISSUE ---- SEND IN SOME
 ORIGINAL ONES OF YOUR OWN AND
 WIN A PRIZE
 PUZZLE NO. 1

S	A	I	L
B	A	T	T
O	D	E	A
A	D	E	M
E	L	L	A
R	A	M	S

PUZZLE NO. 2



By H. T.
SPERRY

The morning of the great tournament that is to decide the new chief of the King's armies, Sir Malcolm's horse is stolen. Sir Malcolm's page, Donald, suspects Pierre, the page of his master's bitter rival, Sir Jacques. Donald is forced to steal another horse and dye it black in the hope that it will fool Sir Malcolm's rivals. As the jousting starts Donald is sure that his master cannot win without his own trusted steed, The Thunderer!

AT THE moment Sir Malcolm and Sir Jacques spurred their mounts and went charging toward each other in the first passage of the tournament, a sudden movement off to the left, far out where the field was bounded by a grove of trees, caught Donald's eye. There was some black shape there, beneath the trees—a shape which, with a sudden thrill, Donald thought he recognized. But the champions were upon each other, and Donald wrenched his gaze back to the center of the field.

The knights met each other with a crash of metal and a splintering of wood. Each caught the other's lance full on the breast-plate in the instant of contact, and both jerked backward under the terrific blows, to regain a precarious balance as the points of the lances shivered beyond further use. Then the two champions whirled their mounts and rode back to their stations.

"The beast is of fair metal," muttered Sir Malcolm as Donald handed him another lance. "Sound bottom and sure-footed, methinks—but alas, no Thunderer for getting his weight into the lance!"

"Look, master," said Donald pointing to a long, deep cut along the left side of the horse's neck. "He has been scratched!"

"Tis nothing," replied Sir Malcolm, looking at

the cut critically. "Yet, it has an angry look. I wonder..."

But at that moment the trumpet blew for the second passage, and leaving the sentence unfinished, Sir Malcolm whirled his mount and went charging down the field again.

But this time Donald's worried gaze noted that Sir Malcolm's horse was behaving very differently from the first time. The animal has slowed noticeably and just as the knights closed, the beast staggered!

Donald's breath caught in his throat. The lurch of his mount had thrown Sir Malcolm full in the path of Sir Jacques' charge. A shout went up from the stands—and in the next instant Sir Malcolm's lance, thrown aside by the unexpected movement of his mount, passed harm-

lessly by Sir Jacques' body. Then the lance of the French knight struck full on Sir Malcolm's breast with a resounding crash. Sir Malcolm's horse staggered again—staggered and fell, pinning Sir Malcolm to the ground beneath it!

Donald groaned. But then shouted with joy. The horse bearing his master had rolled back, and lurched unsteadily to his feet with Sir Malcolm still sticking to the saddle! The animal stood there, his legs spread far apart, his head hanging down almost to the level of his fetlocks. Sweat stream-



The page catapulted to the ground before the King!

THE COMICS

ing from his body had dissolved the dye Donald had so carefully applied! And as Sir Malcolm tugged at the reins and brought him staggering back to his station, the horse presented a very sorry spectacle.

Then the knight suddenly leaped clear of the saddle. The horse had collapsed abruptly in front of the tent.

Tears starting from his eyes, Donald dashed onto the field, made a beeline for the King's box. Sliding to a halt in front of it, he managed a hasty bow and straightened, his raised hand beseeching attention.

"My Liege Lord," he cried, "yon horse has been poisoned! He is not the horse of Sir Malcolm, Laird of Clyde, which was stolen, but a horse I took from your majesty's pastures and dyed to make it appear that the knight had his own mount, and none could say he had been duped by his opponent. But that opponent has gone too far, my lord. Not content with stealing The Thunderer, he has—"

Suddenly the King rose to his feet and glared down at the youth before him. "What is this?" he cried. "A base-born rogue accusing a knight of horse-stealing?"

"Oh, prithe wait, sire!" begged Donald. "I can prove it." Donald whirled toward those woods where he had noticed a dark shadow beneath the trees a short time ago, placed his fingers to his lips and whistled.

There was a sudden movement on the edge of the woods, and the next moment a great black stallion came plunging out into the open, a young lad in the silks of the house of Sir Jacques de Jarnac astride it and clinging to its neck.

Again Donald whistled and the stallion broke into a dead run, charging across the tournament field like a streak of black lightning, the thunder of its hoofs drumming above the cheers of the spectators. Nearing Donald's side, the charger suddenly planted its four hoofs on the ground, came to an abrupt halt. The lad on its back was catapulted over its head to flop directly in front

of the King's box! A laugh went up from the spectators. It was Pierre.

A long blast from the court page's trumpet signalled the third passage of the tournament, and Donald's heart leaped as The Thunderer bounded forward like a black whirlwind under the gentle prod of Sir Malcolm's spur. Down the field charged the gallant steed, bearing Sir Malcolm, erect and smiling grimly in the saddle as he couched his lance.

The knights crashed together with a roar—and Sir Jacques had a moment of stark, unbelieving amazement. His lance had been pointed straight for Sir Malcolm's chest, and he was practically upon his antagonist. But The Thunderer had swerved aside like a dancer, only to swing back again with a lightning-like movement, just as Sir Malcolm's lance crashed against Sir Jacques' breastplate. The French knight's lance found a target in empty air—and he was hurled through space! His armor-laden body came crashing down on the turf with a shock that shook the earth.

LATER, when it was time for Sir Malcolm to appear before the King and receive his reward, the knight insisted that Donald stand at his side.

The King nodded approvingly. "You do well, sir knight," he said, "to bring this fellow with you. He has justly earned a share of the great glory I bestow on the new chief of our armies.

"As for you—you comported yourself gallantly in this joust. The court leech has found that your opponent had tipped his lance with poison. The cut it gave your first mount killed the beast, as it would have killed you, had it touched you."

"And now, we dub you King's Champion and Chief of the Armies. And you," went on the King turning to Donald, "for your quick wit, and your exposure of a false knight whom we might have trusted to our sorrow, we proclaim you also a Champion of the King, second only in rank to your good master, Sir Malcolm, Laird of Clyde!"

Another thrilling story next month!

The knights met with a crash of splintering wood!



THE LONE MARSHAL



TAKEN PRISONERS BY LUKE MULLETT AND HIS GANG, WHO RUN CRIPPLE CREEK, THE LONE MARSHAL AND VAJO THAT NIGHT SEE A FIGURE, HOLDING A KNIFE, AT THE WINDOW.



WHO IS IT?
PUT DOWN THAT
KNIFE, YUH
YELLOW RAT!



ALL RIGHT, I'LL
LIGHT A MATCH!

A
WOMAN!

THE MYSTERIOUS FIGURE IS THAT OF A CLEAR-EYED YOUNG WOMAN! AND WITH THE KNIFE SHE SEVERS THE ROPES, HOLDING THE LONE MARSHAL AND VAJO, HIS SIOUX AIDE.



RECKON YUH'VE GOT US
OUTA TROUBLE, BUT WHY?
AN' WHO ARE YUH?

I'M ARLENE DORAN,
KEN DORAN, WHOM
MULLET KILLED,
WAS MY BROTHER!

THE GIRL'S STARTLING STATEMENT STRENGTHENS THE MARSHAL'S RESOLVE TO AVENGE THE MURDER OF DORAN, WHO HAD BEEN HIS BEST PAL!



I'M GOIN' IN, VAJO.
THIS IS MULLETT'S JOINT.
YUH BETTER STAND
GUARD OUT HYAR!

NO LIKE!
YUH CATCHUM
ALL THE FUN!



YORE NUMBER'S UP,
MULLET! I'M GIVIN
YUH A CHANCE TO
GO FER YORE
HARDWARE!

THE STRANGER!
HOW'D HE GIT LOOSE?



LUKE MULLETT'S EYES FLASH A SIGNAL TO ONE OF HIS MEN, AND A SIX-SHOOTER IS AIMED AT THE MARSHAL'S BACK!

LONE MARSHAL



LONE MARSHAL



BELIEVING HIS MISSION OF VENGEANCE IN CRIPPLED CREEK HAS BEEN COMPLETED, THE LONE MARSHAL HEADS TO TELL ARLENE DORAN THAT THE MENACE OF LUKE MULLET IS GONE.



COAST GUARD

TRAPPED ON AN ICE FLOE WITH THE EXPLORERS HE IS TRYING TO RESCUE, BORTSWAIN JERRY MINTON OF THE ARCTIC PATROL IS SEPARATED FROM THE COAST GUARD CUTTER.



ON A DESPERATE CHANCE CAPTAIN BONHAM RADIOS TO THE ALASKAN PATROL BASE FOR A PLANE, WHILE IN FAR OFF MALATUK LITTLE ANNIE VARRONE GROWS STEADILY WEAKER.





IT'S OLD 299! AND THERE'S ENOUGH SERUM WERE ON THE SHIP TO SAVE THE GIRL!



WHO'S FLYING IN TO MALATUK WITH ME?

I AM. YOU READY?

SOON THE COAST GUARD PLANE '299' ROARS OVER THE POLAR BEAR AND LANDS AS CAPTAIN BONHAM PREPARES TO SEND THE SERUM FROM THE CUTTER'S OWN SUPPLIES!



AS THE CAPTAIN CONFERS WITH JERRY AND THE PILOT, THE RADIO OPERATOR HURRIES UP BUT OBEYS WHEN THE SKIPPER TELLS HIM TO WAIT!



BORTSWAIN MINTON WILL ATTEMPT A PARACHUTE JUMP, WITH THE SERUM, PILOT.

IT'S RISKING HIS LIFE, BUT IT WOULD BE IMPOSSIBLE TO LAND ON THE ROUGH ICE!



ICE -- FORMING ON THE HULL! HOPE WE'LL MAKE IT.

A FEW MOMENTS LATER, WITH THE RADIO OPERATOR TRYING TO GET THEIR ATTENTION BUT REMEMBERING HIS ORDERS TO KEEP BACK THE 299 ROARS INTO THE AIR!





CIRCLING ONCE OVER THE ISOLATED HOUSE, THE PLANE SLIPS IN CLOSE AND JERRY MINTON GOES "OVER THE SIDE."



RAGING WINDS TEAR AT JERRY'S BODY SWINGING BENEATH THE PARACHUTE, AS HE HOLDS THE PRECIOUS SERUM IN NEARLY FROZEN ARMS! BUT HE MAKES IT!



HERE'S THE SERUM, DOCTOR! AM I IN TIME?

THANK HEAVEN! I KNEW THE COAST GUARD WOULD MAKE IT!



GOODBYE, UNCLE JERRY. I'LL WRITE TO YOU!

YOU'LL BE WELL IN NO TIME, ANNIE!

GOODBYE

FIVE DAYS LATER, WITH LITTLE ANNIE FAST RECOVERING, JERRY MINTON STARTS BACK BY DOG TEAM TO THE POLAR BEAR.



I KNOW WHAT'S IN THAT RADIO ORDER -- AND I DEMAND THAT YOU GIVE IT TO MINTON!

YOU'RE A SKUNK, BROWNE. BUT I GUESS I'LL HAVE TO DO IT!



ORDERED TO NEW YORK --- THAT SOUNDS BAD

JERRY, WHO WAS ORDERED TO THE ARCTIC PATROL TO TRAIN FOR HIS OWN COMMAND, IS ABRUPTLY RE-CALLED TO NEW YORK - AND HE WONDERES IF BROWNE HAS MANAGED TO GET HIM IN TROUBLE AT HEADQUARTERS

ARIZONA KID

PURSUING A GANG OF BANK ROBBERS, THE ARIZONA KID IS TRAPPED IN THE LOST MINE. LEAVING HIM TIED UP, THE ROBBERS LIGHT A DYNAMITE FUSE AND ESCAPE.



THE ARIZONA KID'S LAST CHANCE IS TO YANK THE BURNING FUSE OUT WITH HIS TEETH!



JUST AS THE SHERIFF AND HIS POSSE GALLOP UP, HAVING FOLLOWED THE TRAIL, THE ARIZONA KID BITES THROUGH THE DYNAMITE FUSE, A SCANT COUPLE OF INCHES FROM THE END!



Watch for our next issue.

ARIZONA KID

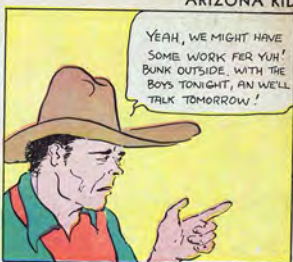




YOU THE BOSS OF THIS OUTFIT? I'M LOOKIN' FER WORK!

MAYBE YUH CAN GIT IT! -- HANDLE A SHOOTIN' IRON?

THE KID ALLOWS HIMSELF TO BE HERDED FROM THE TRAIL TO A CLEARING AROUND TWO FRAME SHACKS, HOARING HE HAS STUMBLED ON THE RUSTLERS' HANGOUT.



YEAH, WE MIGHT HAVE SOME WORK FER YUH! BUNK OUTSIDE, WITH THE BOYS TONIGHT, AN WE'LL TALK TOMORROW!



WHAT WAS THAT? SOUNDED LIKE A WOMAN'S VOICE!

HOPING HE WILL BE ABLE TO CONVINCE THESE MEN THAT HE IS A HARD-BOILED GUNMAN LOOKING FOR KILLER'S WORK, THE KID BUNKS OUTSIDE -- AND IS AWAKENED BY A WOMAN'S SCREAM!



THE REST OF 'EM ARE ASLEEP -- BUT SOMEBODY'S UP IN THE LEADER'S SHACK, SHORE AS SHOOTIN'!



IT WAS A WOMAN -- THE SKUNK IS GOIN' TO LASH HER!



STICKIN' YORE NOSE INTO OTHER FOLKS' BUSINESS, COWPOKE! THAT MEANS DEATH IN THIS OUTFIT!

HYE!! WHAT...

SEEING THE RUSTLERS' LEADER ABOUT TO BRING THE LASH DOWN ON THE GIRL INSIDE THE CABIN, THE KID STARTS INTO THE SHACK, BUT COLD STEEL SUDDENLY PASSES AGAINST HIS BACK. HE IS DISCOVERED

This thrilling serial continued in our next issue!

COWBOY COMICS

OUT OUR WAY

BY
J.R. WILLIAMS



More Cowboy Comics in our next issue!

IN THE NAME OF THE LAW



ALL RIGHT THERE,
HURRY IT UP!

INSIDE THE GRIM GRAY WALLS OF THE FEDERAL PRISON AT ATLANTA, GEORGIA, THE MUFFLED SOUND OF SHUFFLING FEET IS HEARD AS THE CONVICTS MARCH TO THEIR CELLS FOR THE NIGHT.



PSST! BE READY
FOR MY SIGNAL!

OKAY,
CHAPMAN!

BUT AS THE CONVICTS FILE INTO THEIR CELLS, GERALD CHAPMAN, IN PRISON FOR A MILLION DOLLAR U.S. MAIL ROBBERY, IS READY FOR AN ATTEMPT TO BREAK LOOSE!



HERE GO THE
LIGHTS!

BEFORE THE GUARDS BEGIN THEIR CHECK-UP, CHAPMAN AND HIS CONFEDERATE SLIP SILENTLY TO THE SWITCHBOARD. A MOMENT LATER THE PRISON IS PLUNGED IN DARKNESS!



TIE HIM TIGHT!

OKAY,
CHIEF!



OVER THERE, IN THE
CORNER OF THE WALL,
THE BOYS HAVE A
ROPE LADDER
WAITING FOR US!

AFTER TYING UP AN ATTENDANT IN THE HOSPITAL WARD, CHAPMAN AND HIS PAL SLIP ACROSS THE DARKENED YARD TO WHERE CONFEDERATES HAVE 'PLANTED' A ROPE LADDER.



THEY'VE SPOTTED
US! BUT THEY'RE
TOO LATE!

WHAT'S THIS? SHOULDN'T BE AN OPEN DOOR HERE. I BETTER TAKE A LOOK!

IN NEW BRITAIN, CONNECTICUT, NEEDING MONEY, CHAPMAN ROBS A STORE. BUT A POLICE-MAN NOTICES THE OPEN DOOR AND STARTS IN.

A police officer in a blue uniform and cap, looking concerned and holding a flashlight. He is standing in a dark area, possibly a hallway or a room with a large open door. The officer has a yellow badge on his chest and a red glove on his left hand. The background is dark with some light rays emanating from the top right corner.

YOU'RE TOO NOSEY, COPPER!
TAKE THAT!

CHAPMAN, SURPRISED AS HE IS ABOUT TO LEAVE, GUNS THE POLICEMAN AND FLEES!

CHAPMAN, SURPRISED AS HE IS ABOUT TO LEAVE, GUNS THE POLICEMAN AND FLEES!

A cartoon illustration of a dog, possibly a Weimaraner, running away from a large, dark, shadowy figure. The dog is depicted in a dynamic, running pose, with its body angled towards the right. The shadowy figure is a large, dark, amorphous shape that looms over the dog, creating a sense of threat. The background is a solid yellow color, and there are several small, dark, oval shapes scattered around, possibly representing stones or debris. The style is simple and graphic, with bold lines and flat colors.



TAKEN BACK TO FACE CHARGES OF MURDER, CHAPMAN SPENDS HIS TIME IN JAIL READING AND BOASTING THAT THE LAW WILL NEVER CONVINCE THE MASTER MIND OF CRIME.

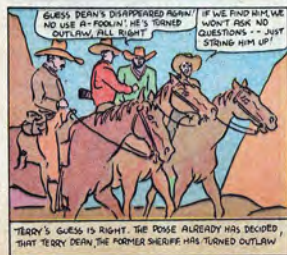
--- WITH ICE COLD NERVE, HE FACES THE PROSECUTOR AS EVIDENCE STEADILY PILES UP. HE ADMITS MANY CRIMES, BUT DENIES THE MURDER OF THE POLICEMAN!



Watch for our next issue.

THE SHOOTING SHERIFF

TRAPPED ON A NARROW LEDGE, TERRY DEAN REALIZES THAT IF HE IS FOUND WITH THE SACK OF STOLEN GOLD IN HIS POSSESSION, IT WILL APPEAR HE HAS TURNED ROAD AGENT.



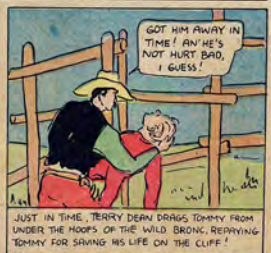
SHOOTING SHERIFF



TERRY EXPLAINS THAT BEN ANDBALL THOMPSON, THE OUTLAWS, HAVE FRAMED HIM AND THAT HE, HIMSELF, IS NOW WANTED BY THE LAW! AS THEY RIDE INTO THE HILLS, TOMMY COLE TELLS TERRY THAT THE THOMPSONS HAVE BEEN STEALING HIS HORSES, BUT THAT, ALONE, HE HAS BEEN POWERLESS TO DO ANYTHING!



TOMMY COLE LEADS TERRY TO HIS WILD HORSE REMUDA IN THE HILLS, AND THE NEXT DAY BREAKS IN A MEAN STALLION





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LEADING COMIC
MAGAZINES!

GOT THEIR GUNS.
 TOMMY RECKON WE
 GOT 'EM ALL NEAR!

NOPE, BEN
 THOMPSON GOT
 AWAY!

I GOT THE GOLD THEY STOLE FROM
 THE STAGECOACH IN MY SADDLE
 BAGS. LET'S HEAD FOR
 ELLSWORTH NOW, TOMMY

HAVING DEFEATED THE OUTLAWS, ALTHOUGH
 THE LEADER HAS ESCAPED, TERRY AND COLE
 TAKE THE REST PRISONERS.

HEY! JUDGE! TERRY DEANS
 COMIN' THIS WAY -- WITH A
 WHOLE GANG OF MEN!

WE'LL BE READY
 FOR HIM! GET
 THE POSSE!

BUT AS THEY RIDE TOWARD TOWN
 WITH THEIR PRISONERS, THEY ARE
 SEEN BY A COWBOY WHO AROUSES
 THE POSSE IN ELLSWORTH.

HOLD ON THAR,
 DEAN! REACH FER
 THE SKY!

HE'S TRYIN' TO LE
 HIMSELF OUT OF IT!
 LET'S PLUG HIM!

WAIT A MINUTE, JUDGE!
 WE'VE CAPTURED THESE

BUT THE CITIZENS OF ELLSWORTH, REFUSING TO BELIEVE THAT TERRY IS NOT
 TRYING TO TALK THEM WITH HIS CAPTURE OF THE OUTLAWS, AIM THEIR GUNS AT
 THE FORMER SHERIFF!



Look!

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